

D. EDGAR CROUSE'S WEALTH.

ALL SYRACUSE ON TIP-TOE TO LEARN HOW HE DISPOSED OF IT.

The Public Will Be Disappointed When His Will Is Read To-Day—To His Jockey He Gives \$100,000, to His Confidential Clerk \$150,000, to His Valet, Attorney, and Housekeeper, \$50,000 Each, but Not a Cent to Crouse Memorial College, which Expected a Million—All the Rest of His Great Wealth Left to His Next of Kin.

Syracuse, Nov. 25.—The city of Syracuse has been on a tip-toe of expectation throughout the day, waiting for the mortal remains of D. Edgar Crouse to be put under ground, so that his fortune might be divided for the details of his will, the instrument under which his immense wealth will be distributed. Mr. Crouse was one of the richest men in the State, his fortune being variously estimated at from \$800,000 to \$2,000,000. It came largely to him by inheritance from his father, John Crouse, and his brother, John C. Crouse, who was a successful business man in the wholesale grocery trade in this city. His father gave to the Syracuse University the Crouse Memorial College, a building which cost \$500,000, but which was left undevoted by him. He died in 1884, and left to his son, Edgar Crouse, a large estate. Mr. Crouse, both of whose sons died within the seven years just past, the brief period which witnessed the extinction of the entire family, became possessor of everything.

D. Edgar Crouse became famous in this country and abroad four years ago by erecting in Syracuse a magnificent palace, which cost him three-quarters of a million. This stable he now described at the time of its completion. Its contents are regal in its splendor, nothing being regarded as too costly to adorn it. The building is, in fact, a perfectly equipped club house, but so peculiar was its owner that perhaps not fifty persons at all have ever been inside its walls. It was not a place of opening it for a reception, but died without carrying out the intention. His only hobby was fast horses, scores of which he reared and raced. A. J. Feek, known on the turf as Jack Feek, the horse jockey, was continually in his employ, replenishing his stables for both his personal use and for the strings he trotted the circuits.

Although deeply concerned in the performance of his horses on the turf, Mr. Crouse rarely attended the races here or elsewhere. A few years ago he made it a point to go to New York whenever there was to be fine racing. There, as well as in Saratoga, D. Edgar Crouse was known as a man of means and of the very best. He owned a stable in New York, where he quartered his horses during his sojourns there. He lived at the Hoffman House, and had for cronies such men as Frank W. McK. Twombler, and Robert Bonner.

In New York more than in Syracuse Mr. Crouse was known among his many friends. He had no interests outside of the turf, and his vast wealth, or so engraving was this care that he took no interest in public affairs. He never registered or voted, it being a fact that he did not deviate from this strange adherence of his political views to assist his friends. The late John J. Crouse, who was a candidate for Mayor of this city in 1870, was one of his many friends. In the enterprises of Syracuse after the closing out of the grocery business founded by his father, Mr. Crouse was not only a partner, but he was also a partner in the business. He was a partner in the business of the late John J. Crouse, who was a candidate for Mayor of this city in 1870, was one of his many friends. In the enterprises of Syracuse after the closing out of the grocery business founded by his father, Mr. Crouse was not only a partner, but he was also a partner in the business.

WOMEN BEAT A WIFE BEATER.

He Was Chasing His Wife On the Street, and They Knocked Him Senseless.

Hazleton, Nov. 25.—A score of indignant women yesterday attacked a wife beater who had been beating his wife for some time. The woman, who was named Mary, was the wife of a man named John. The man had been beating his wife for some time, and the women, who were his neighbors, decided to take action. They went to his house and found him beating his wife. They ran in and beat him senseless. The man was taken to the hospital, and the women were praised for their bravery.

SHOT BRIDE AND GROOM BOTH.

THEN JEALOUS MAY SAYS MORTALLY WOUNDED HERSELF.

Sought Them Out After Their Return From the Wedding Trip—Capt. Sampson Dead, Mrs. Sampson Likely to Die—May Says Sampson Had Promised to Marry Her.

Cairo, Ill., Nov. 25.—The most tragic event that has ever occurred in this town took place at the Planter House, about 11 o'clock this morning. Capt. Ransom Sampson, a well-known steamboat pilot, was shot and almost instantly killed, his bride of a week is perhaps mortally wounded, and the jealous woman who fired the shots lies dangerously wounded with a bullet in her breast.

WHO WILL BE SENATOR FROM KANSAS?

Jerry Simpson Says It Depends on Chance, the Toss of a Penny, as It Were.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 25.—Congressman Jerry Simpson of Kansas was at the Capitol today prepared to resume his duties as the Alliance champion in the House. When asked who would be the next Senator from Kansas he replied:

"THE BREAKERS" BURNED.

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT'S HANDSOME NEWPORT VILLA IN RUINS.

Nothing Saved from the Fire—Even the Clothing of the Members of the Family and the Servants Burned—The Silver and Jewels Were Hurled Into Water, and Are Supposed to Be Secure—The Tapestries, Paintings, and Furniture Destroyed.

Newport, R. I., Nov. 25.—"The Breakers," the costly summer residence of Cornelius Vanderbilt, is a sight to-night in ruins.

CLEVELAND KILLS EIGHT DUCKS.

The Weather Was Not Favorable, But the Sportsman Had Some Luck.

Exmore, Va., Nov. 25.—Mr. Cleveland today shot eight ducks as a starter in shooting. Of this number four were railheads and four were brant.

WANTED A LICENSE TO KILL.

PETROFF ASKED JUDICIAL PERMISSION TO COMMIT A MURDER.

He Was Willing to Fine His Enemy and Old Enemies, and Would Have Been Willing to Kill Him Had He Had a Loaded Pistol With Him.

Hartford, Nov. 25.—"You are wild, young man. You don't know what you are talking about. You are dead crazy."